

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the churches."

VOL. XIV.—NO. 39.]

HARTFORD, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 715.]

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY,
PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD,
HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE
CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

Price, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum. If paid within four months of the time of subscribing, a deduction of 50 cents will be made. Postage to be paid by subscribers. To Agents who receive and pay for eight or more copies, a discount of 12½ per cent will be allowed.

All subscriptions are understood to be made for one year, unless there is a special agreement to the contrary at the time of subscribing. No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, unless notice is given, and arrearages paid.

Letters on subjects connected with this paper should be addressed to PHILEMON CANFIELD, post paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms.

The Am. Bap. Magazine for October is received, filled as usual with information of importance, both of a general and particular nature. Of the former we make only the following extracts, but shall give particulars of what is found in the journals and letters of the missionaries.

DECAY OF HINDOOISM.

Suppression of Hindoo Cruelties.

The Bishop of Calcutta thus writes to the Rev. James Peggs, in reference to his volume, entitled "India's Cries to British Humanity:"

"All the subjects which you treat with so much feeling, are enjoying the attention of Christians in this country; SUTTE has already been abolished; and INFANTCIDE, though in Cutch and Guzerat this latter is said still to prevail: the EXPOSURE OF THE SICK on the banks of the Ganges remains, as well as the various disgraceful scenes which many of the annual festivals exhibit. But public opinion, even among the natives themselves, is rapidly dragging out these monstrous customs, and exposing them to the just abhorrence of mankind."

This very spring, two of the invasions on de-

cency, the DIHOLE JATTRA and CHURRACK POO-

JAH, have been denounced in the daily journals,

by native writers, and the aid of the magistrate in suppressing the open immorality of them in-

voked; while the GHAUT MURDERS (nineteen

hundred) were said to have been exposed in the

month of Nov. last, at one ghat alone in Calcut-

ta; one half of whom might otherwise have

survived, at least for some time,) have induced a

Hindoo gentleman to build a hospital on the

banks of the river for receiving the sick. In

the mean time, the honors due to the memory of Rammohun Roy—the native schools, which

are pushed on all sides—the thirst for knowl-

edge—the progress of missions—the growing

liberality and zeal of Government in all its sub-

ordinate details—the amazing strides which the

new charter will take in the employment and

elevation of the natives, will rapidly, I trust,

through the mercy of God, accelerate the delin-

gence of this beautiful country from the cruel

and impure dominion of the God of this world."

Growth of British Influence.

One striking indication of the decay of Hin-

dooism, is an increasing persuasion among the

Brahmins, that the British must prevail, and

the power of the Ganges come to an end. The

Brahmins of Hurdwar appear fully to expect a

speedy termination of all the sanctity of their

idolized rivers: one of them, who had buoyed

up his hopes by the national opinion, that while

Bhurtore stood the English would not prevail,

etc., etc., let now but the Ganges cease, and noth-

ing will remain to Hindoos but to embrace the

Christian faith." When this Brahmin was told

that, within the last fifteen years, many of the

Brahmins of Delhi, who attended the ghauts or

steps of the river, to mark the foreheads of the

people after bathing, had left their employment,

and thence it was concluded that the Hindoo

faith was declining, he made these remarkable

observations:

"Why go so far as Delhi? I am an instance

of what has been said. I have no want of

wealth at home; and, as to honor, the hundreds

of thousands of rajahs, baboos, and men of all

ranks, who come to this fair, come to bathe in

the Ganges and to worship us Brahmins. Yet

the Sovereign Ruler of all has so withdrawn my

mind from my employment, that I wander with

a kind of fatality among Europeans, for some

degraded occupation. Now, what is this, but

God himself turning my heart, first to the Eng-

lish people, and then to their ways?"

Increasing Power of the Native Press.

We shall quote on this subject the statements

of the Serampore Missionaries:

"About ten or twelve years after our breth-

ren had sat down at Serampore, some of the na-

tives began to print in Bengalee for their own

countrymen. The first Hindoo who establish-

ed a printing press in Calcutta, was Baboo

Ram: he was followed by Gunja Kishore, for-

merly employed at Serampore—the first man

who conceived the idea of printing works in

Bengalee, as a means of acquiring wealth."

This he did for six years, when he removed

to his native village; and appointing agents for

the sale of his works, in the chief towns and

villages of Bengal, they were purchased with

avidity. By the close of 1820, there were no

less than four native presses in constant em-

ploy; and they have been going on increasing

to an extent beyond our present knowl-

edge. By 1825, there were six native

newspapers; and six such papers in seven

years, with about a thousand subscribers, was

no slender proof of awakening intellect. The

first English Gazette was published in 1828;

and for many years, England had no other

paper; so long was the twilight of general

knowledge protracted, even in the age of Ba-

con."

Since 1825, not less than ten other native pa-

pers have been begun at Calcutta. Of these,

and of the native presses generally, it is said:

"The art of printing has, it is true, been em-

ployed in favor of the reigning idolatry. This

was to be expected; and it may well rouse the

energies of Christians at home and abroad."

But, amidst all the trash or worthless things

which the native press has thrown into circula-

tion, we not only discern the seeds of future

improvement, but various works of great utili-

ty. The native mind, roused from the lethar-

gy of so many ages, is rejecting gradually the

influence of darkness and delusion; for Hin-

dooism is such a compound of error and abur-

uity, that though the press may for a time ap-

pear, in certain instances, to espouse its cause,

it cannot fail in the end to inflict a mortal blow

on its influence, and more especially when it

is so vigorously opposed and sifted by other

native presses. Meanwhile, prejudices are

combating, and insensibly melting away, the

aspirations of bigotry are softening down—and a

tone of thought and feeling is encouraged,

which, though it go not the length of building

up the edifice of true religion, is shaking the

foundations of the ancient structures of idola-

try."

BURMAH.

AVA.

JOURNAL OF MR. KINCAID.

Nov. 9. Lord's day morning. Only four of the native Christians present. All the con-

verts and inquirers except Moung Kai are tim-

id: he is as bold as ever. The ministers main-

tain the same hostile attitude they did on

the sixth.

12. Several inquirers to-day. One of them

appears very well, and we hope he is taught by

the Spirit of God."

16. Had twenty-two at our morning wor-

ship. This is better than we expected some

days ago. The female mentioned Oct. 10th,

with three others, called on Mrs. K. and listen-

ed, for nearly three hours, to conversation and

reading. She says her heart is constantly on

this religion, and for a long time she has forsaken

all heathen worship. One of the young

men, Moung Moung, mentioned before, asked

for baptism. He first heard the Gospel from

the mouth of Ko Gwa, and by him was invited

to our house. He has been in the habit of call-

ing on us once and twice a week, ever since;

and, for two months past, we have had cheering

evidence that he had received the truth into

his heart. I appointed Tuesday for further

examination, as three of the native brethren

were not present.

Baptism of Moung Moung.

18. The church came together about 12

o'clock, and after further examination of Moung

Moung, all were unanimous in receiving him as

a disciple of Jesus Christ. We immediately

proceeded to the water, and once more on

the banks of this noble river, knelt and prayed

for a divine blessing on this baptismal occa-

sion. On the sixth of this month, I feared that

I should no more be permitted to baptize peni-

tent Burmans in waters that wash the walls of

the Golden City; but the storm that then hung

over us, and threatened extermination, appears

to be passing away, and the coming forward

of this man seems to indicate that our work is

not yet done in Ava. Moung Moung is about

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

little since I saw it last, although it had previously grown from the size of a new born infant to that of man; nor have any wonders happened lately, although it has been known to shed tears, and was in the habit of groaning before any affliction came over it.

I have had a long conversation with a woman that dwells in the house, who is suffering under incurable sores, and has been for years. The last sentence she uttered was, "If I cannot be delivered from my sufferings in this world, I will go on and drink, and end them in hell." Her husband was an applicant for baptism last year, but has fallen away. At first, he treated me in a very cavalier manner. "I do not," he said, "offer to the Nats, for I find it of no use. They can afford no aid; but spirituous liquor is very good."

Nov. 27. *Htee pho-hseen.* We crossed the mountains yesterday, and built rafts, on which we commenced descending the river to-day.—On going over one of the rapids, the raft got among the rocks, threw us all off, and turned completely over, upsetting, of course, every thing on it. On coming out of the foam, I found myself holding to the raft with one hand and the medicine chest rolling down by my feet; but, by a good use of my feet, and the hand that was at liberty, I succeeded in saving it. Providentially, the other things, clothing and bedding, had been tied on, and to our great joy, on turning over the raft, when we got into shallow water, we found all safe. In this village of two houses, my heart has been gladdened to find all the inhabitants, except an old man, near the kingdom of God. They had abandoned Nat offering and spirituous liquor; and five promising individuals have just added their names to my list of applicants for baptism. Yet, when I was here two years ago, every man, woman and child were in habits of intemperate drinking. Glory to God!

Dec. 7. *Mata-mayu.* What wonders God has wrought for this region in five or six short years. When br. Boardman came out hither, there was not a sober individual, male or female, in the jungle, or one that was not in the practice of making offerings to Nats. Now, I sit with a hundred consistent Christians within call, that have not drunk spirituous liquors for years. Then, the idea that they would have books in their own language, was associated with tigers laying aside their fierceness. Now, I have a Sabbath school of thirty-nine children and youth, able to read their own books, and give intelligent answers in respect to their contents. Now that we are publishing books that they can read and understand, I wish to raise the standard of scriptural knowledge for admission into the church, and therefore administered the ordinance of baptism to-day to four only, although there are more than twenty applicants.

Employment of Native Assistants.

Every practical effort has been made throughout the year to increase the number and efficiency of the native assistants, believing, as I do, that it is through the natives themselves that the conversion of the people is to be effected.

Besides one Burman assistant, four Karens have been wholly or partially employed during the year, and three others have been qualifying themselves to teach school. It is proposed to give them employment immediately, locating them in those regions that have been visited, where the people are most favorable to Christianity.

Seven persons were baptized in 1834, which makes a sum total of two hundred and thirteen since the station was established; and five deaths have occurred.

The native assistants are

Ko Myet La,	Burman.
Moung Sua Ton,	Karen.
" Kya,	"
" Shwa Boo,	"
" Hisiek Kee,	"

From the Southern Churchman.
THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

Experience teaches us that the world which we now inhabit is a melancholy scene of affliction, pain and death. Shrouded in gloom and darkness, it no longer blooms in its primeval beauty, nor exhibits itself as a fit residence for immortal beings. Sin has spread its dreadful ravages with boundless profligacy over its whole extent. Sorrows, and cares, and anxieties, now shew their baleful effects, where the genial influence of heaven once diffused its delicious blessings. Sighings and lamentations are the emotions which swell most frequent in our bosoms; for we are often called to mourn over the loss of earthly prosperity, and the premature departure of our near and dear friends and relatives to the world of spirits. But in *heaven*, "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." There, our souls shall be no longer wrung with grief; for the last knell of death will have sounded in our ears, and the trying conflicts of mortality will have come to an end. The strains of mourning will be turned into the raptures of joy—pain will give place to pleasure—sickness will be succeeded by uninterrupted health—the wrinkles of age will be exchanged for the bloom of youth—and death will yield to everlasting life. In heaven, we "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us unto living fountains of water." In that "blissful abode," troubles and difficulties will be entirely unknown—the voice of discord will never be heard—the wild shriek of *despair* will never be uttered—but all will be peace, and harmony, and melody, and love. Sin will have no admission there. Its poisonous blasts will never be permitted to swell amidst the sweet groves of Paradise. Holiness will form our character—praise will be our employment and delight—and joy will be our constant guest. There, too, we shall dwell with our Saviour in the "mansions" of his "Father's house," whither

he is now gone "to prepare a place" for us—"Father," said he, shortly before he left this world of sorrow, "I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am: that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; for thou lovest me before the foundation of the world." Which language, together with his own declaration to his disciples, not long before he bade them adieu, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there may be also," leads us to conclude that we shall be in his immediate presence, and likewise, that we shall enjoy the society of each other in the kingdom of heaven. What glorious privileges will these be!—How transcendantly delightful to be absent from this theatre of misery and distress, and to be present with the Lord, where we shall see him "face to face!" And how unspeakably pleasant will it be to meet again our departed friends—to be re-united to a dear father—or a fond mother—or some other beloved relative, around whose dying bed we once stood in all the agony of grief—whom we then bade an affectionate farewell—and whose expiring groans pierced our souls with anguish too deep for nature to have long sustained! And our meeting there will be "to part no more." It will last forever. And whilst eternity shall roll its ample rounds, it will find us still together in those happy courts. And not only shall we enjoy the presence of our Saviour, and of our much loved friends, but our minds will be filled with all the *treasures of knowledge*. Feeble and faint are our conceptions of the most simple things by which we are surrounded. The powers of our discerning faculties are circumscribed within narrow limits. Our highest attainments are but the *mockery of knowledge*.—In vain do we endeavor to unfold the process of the operations of nature. Fatigued are our boldest attempts to scan the machinery of the universe. The planetary world, and subterranean fires, are equally mysterious to our comprehension. The clouds that hang aloft in the air—the deafening thunders that roll in their bosoms—and the lightnings that flash furiously across their scowling fronts, are but imperfectly understood. The providence of God, even if it be viewed by the light of revelation, is, to us, an almost inscrutable enigma. But in heaven the scales of ignorance shall fall from our eyes—the few faint gleams of intelligence that occasionally flitted athwart our minds, will swell into a flood of light, and expand to all eternity. The glorious plan of redemption will be revealed more fully; and, as its unrivaled beauty and excellence shall break upon our vision, new delights, and new raptures of joy will be imparted to our souls. We shall then "know, even as we are known." Blessed state! May countless myriads enjoy its rich rewards.

From the Baptist Tract Magazine.
SOWING OF TARES.

The final issue with regard to the tares or unsound professors of religion, unworthy members of the Christian church, will be dreadful indeed: yet it will be dreadful indeed; more so, there is reason to fear, with many of them, who have been public scandals to the cause of Christ, than to the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. And with regard to the ministers of the gospel, who are mere tares, O what awaits them? Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Surely the situation of those, who, under the profession of the gospel, are a disgrace to it, by their unholy tempers, by their immoral conduct, by their carnality, their covetousness, their pride, their oppression, their impurity, their intemperance, and so on, must be, in the issue, awful to an inexpressible degree; and if ministers and pastors of churches be no better than tares; if through their idleness, their remissness in performing their public duty, their carnality, their covetousness, or whatever it may be, they disgrace their character and their profession, wound the feelings of God's people, and harden the hearts of blasphemers, what must be the issue with them? It must be the most awful of all the rest. "Gnashing of teeth;" what a strong expression! Among the rude and uncultivated, some whose passions are violent, whose reason is weak, and whose moral principle is weaker, will sometimes gnash their teeth with hatred, and with rage, against those who displease them. Now, who knows whether, in the state of the damned, those profligate persons who have been led into sin, and encouraged in it by the inconsistencies of those men, preachers of the gospel;—yes, preachers of the true gospel, for I have no doubt many are damned who have been preachers of the true gospel; who knows whether those whom they have been the means of leading into the paths of evil, ruining by their example, or hardening in their sins, may not gnash upon them with their teeth, and curse the day when they first knew them? Excuse, my brethren, some degree of warmth, while I speak on such a subject, and while I entreat you to watch over your own souls.—Those who are the real children of the kingdom, whether ministers or private christians, shall have what is beyond all conception, such an exaltation in bliss and glory, as shall be comparable to the sun shining in its strength; such as it is beyond the power of language to express, or of thought to conceive. O that we who watch among you, and that you who hear us, and profess to believe the truths laid before you, may all watch and pray, be careful of the state of our hearts, and then we shall be careful as to our exterior conduct; and thus we shall diffuse a holy savor all around us.—A. Booth.

From the Christian Guardian.

SIR.—The baneful and God-provoking vice of intemperance is carrying on its unrighteous work of destruction and death in this vicinity, while the people are slumbering with careless indifference over its sad and fearful ravages.—Within the short distance of five or six miles from the spot where I am now writing, we have no less than three or four Distilleries, seven or eight Stores, eight or ten Taverns, at which

the drunkard's drink is sold, and where moderate drinkers, tipplers, and confirmed sots, get their supply of this intoxicating beverage, for which they manifest such a peculiar fondness: and among this last mentioned class of customers they have not a few. Since I commenced penning this short article, I have counted up no less than twenty who have sacrificed nearly all they have and are to this ungodly shrine.—Health, happiness, peace, honor, reputation, they have not. All these they might have; but they love "grog" more. They have been suddenly warned by the sudden and awful death of three or four of their miserable associates; but still, with blind infatuation, they continue to hug the vile and accursed poison in their bosoms. One of these deluded slaves of the bottle said to me the other day, that "all the world would never persuade him to become a sober, temperate man;" and so by their actions multiply. And strange as it may appear, there are numbers around us, not only of the ignorant and vicious, but of those who rank among the respectable, that are engaged in the business of making and selling to and quaffing with these red-faced, bloated, filthy, profane and reckless beings, the maddening, fiery poison, that proves their utter destruction and eternal damnation. Notwithstanding they witness from day to day the blasting, withering and diabolical influence, and deadly effects of their ruinous "firewaters;" yet for the sake of the pittance of sordid gain which they realize from this unrighteous and murderous traffic, they continue to deal out poison and death to their neighbors, "driving them to hell like sheep." Their blood will be upon their own heads. Sir, had I the language wherewith, I would attempt a description of the three or four cases of death to which I above refer; but I forbear: Suffice it to say, they were once respectable, "moderate" drinkers. Men of prosperity, talent and influence. One of them had been an active merchant, another a professor of law, another a shoemaker, who died a maniac. I am told the last words uttered by the first mentioned individual were *curses* upon his unoffending, attentive and afflicted wife, who calmly bore his madness, and repaid his wrongs with kindness. The second was found in the morning, after a night's debauch, a stiffened corpse.

How singular and surprising that men should oppose Temperance Societies. Very respectfully yours, G. W. CLARK.
Oxford, Aug. 25, 1835.

PROFESSOR THOLUCK.

The name of Dr. Tholuck is very familiar to us all, as a professor and commentator. It is desirable that Americans should inspect his character more nearly, as a laborious missionary preacher. His eloquence is such as to draw crowds, and his discourses derive a great lustre from the circumstances in which they are pronounced, in a famous University, as part of the academic service, and under the frowns of a host of baptized infidels. The following is from the peroration of a sermon from Luke xxxii. 39, 43, preached at St. Ulrich's, Halle, and printed last year. The translation is carefully made, but, after all, will leave an imperfect impression of his burning eloquence.—N. Y. Observer.

TOO LATE.

"Sinner! so long as thou standest on *this side* the grave, it is never too late for thy repentance. Such is the holy comfort which streams from Christ's words on the cross. It is *too late!* O word of horror, already fallen like God's thunder—yet a moment, and he has reached the door—*It is too late!* shricks the voice of his mother—those lips are dumb forever! and he falls swooning in her arms. Behold you that victim on the bloody scaffold—and that headman who whets the murderous steel. The multitude stand hushed and shuddering. But lo! who is he that yonder comes in sight, on the distant eminence, making signs of joy? It is the King's courier—he brings a pardon! He comes nearer and nearer—"Pardon, Pardon," resounds, first softly, and then with increasing loudness among the crowd—*It is too late!* that guilty head has fallen!

Yea, how fearful, since the earth has stood, has rung upon many a human heart that penetrating sound, *It is too late!* O who can depict me the consternation that shall be, when on the limit which divides time from eternity, the voice of the righteous judge shall utter, *It is too late!* Long have the wide gates of the kingdom of heaven stood open; long have its messengers cried, one after another, "*To day, to day*, if ye will hear his voice." O Man! man! how shall it be when these gates shall once be shut, with dread clangour—*forever!* Therefore strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able: when once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know not whence ye are."

FRANCE.

Mr. Mines, late missionary to France, was in this city last week making collections for the mission for the American Board in that country. Mr. M. gives an encouraging view of the religious prospects of the French people—he says infidelity is on the wane—the people to a very great extent are on a pivot—waving between the catholic and protestant faith. Mr. M. proposed to raise \$500 in the three con-

gregational churches—at our latest information he had obtained \$325.—*Zions Herald.*

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER—AN EXTRACT.—The foundation of every thing amiable in ministerial character, is true and unaffected piety. In order to teach successfully the power of God to others, he must feel its vital influence upon his own soul. How can he inspire others with a taste for heavenly things, if he have no relish for those things himself! God may sometimes bring a man to life by the bones of a dead prophet. He may honor his own word, and make it effectual to salvation, even when it falls from the unholloved lips of an ungodly minister.—When Noah arose from his wine he uttered a true prediction. The prescription of Elisha cured the Syrian general, though conveyed by Gehazi. These may be classed among the *strange works of God*. In his ordinary way of working, it seldom happens that the labors of ungodly ministers are attended with success.—On the contrary, they usually bring discredit on religion, and throw snares in the way of the souls of men.

From the Christian Index.

BARNWELL DIS. S. C. Aug. 25, 1835.

Dear Bro. Mercer,

By a special request of some brethren connected with my father, I give you the following account of a protracted meeting, held with the Double Pond Church, three miles from Blackville, on the rail-road, of which my father is pastor. A Temperance Society was organized at this church in March last, which we conceive to be the first of the present revival: O that brethren in general could take a deeper interest in Temperance Societies! The meeting commenced on Saturday the 8th inst. the regular monthly meeting of the church; without any pre-arrangement for a protracted meeting.—However, there was on that day an unusual congregation for Saturday, and a meeting of the kind. I attended with my father, and our much esteemed brother, the Rev. D. Peebles, and a brother Woodward came in. There was but little feeling exhibited that day, but a general solemnity pervaded the congregation. The Sabbath approached and we met at the church, and I believe the ministers of God were in the spirit of the Lord's day. The meeting was attended by the same brethren, together with Rev. J. Howell of the Methodist order, who preached with us to a large congregation. The close of the exercises of this day was a melting time. The proposition was made for the continuance of the meeting, and the voice of the congregation was taken, when I believe nearly all in the house arose.

The meeting closed for that day. Monday morning at ten o'clock a prayer meeting was opened, and one hour was spent in solemn prayer for a blessing on the meeting. At 11 o'clock preaching commenced; Rev. D. Peebles, Woodward, J. Brooker, and myself were the laborers. The congregation was extensive;—I felt deeply solemn when I saw so many persons at church on Monday; but it appeared that the people had entirely forgot the world with all its toys. Monday was blessed day, and truly a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the close of the day there was a great shaking among the dry bones. The meeting became more interesting as it continued, and the congregation larger. On Tuesday the Rev. J. Holman came to our help. On Wednesday Rev. W. Fickling and brother Howell returned. On Thursday the brethren all labored with becoming zeal, and I do think with the worth of soul at heart, sometimes would just stand and weep over the congregation, while sinners were crying out, what must we do to be saved? And every day we could hear the glad shouts of the new born souls in the kingdom.

The meeting continued at that place till Friday evening, when it was indeed a great day of the feast; but not the best day, for I will assure you that it was a difficult matter for the mortal eye to judge which was the best day. It was a glorious time indeed; I felt that I could live and die at such a place as that. There were 24 persons received as candidates for baptism, 19 of whom were received, others wait for another opportunity. The meeting lasted 7 days, when on Saturday, it moved to the Jents Branch Church, five miles distant, where it continued till Sunday evening. Three were baptised at that church, and four more received for baptism. Let Christians be awake, the Lord is pouring out his Spirit. Sinners are crying for mercy, while some are rejoicing in the God of their salvation. The Lord is risen indeed. Yours in gospel bonds, farewell.

W. BROOKER.

We have been kindly furnished with the following extracts from a letter written by Brother Oncken, pastor of the little church, constituted by Professor Sears, at Hamburg, and addressed to Rev. C. F. Frey, of Brooklyn.

Am. Bap.

HALMBURG, Germany, June 28th, 1835.
Your friendly epistle dated April 14th, accompanied by a valuable present of books, came duly to hand, and for both, accept of my sincere and grateful thanks. The money you had the kindness to pay to the B. G. Tract Society for me, shall be expended for the object for which it is designed.* It is my intention to issue from time to time such tracts and treatises as more especially advocate the doctrines and principles upon which the Baptist churches are founded; with other tracts I am well supplied. But such publications as embrace the ordinan-

*It is known that Mr. F. after being dissuaded from going as a Missionary to Germany, resolved, with the advice of his friends, to appropriate the few hundred dollars which had been contributed to him, in aiding Mr. Oncken at Hamburg in publishing tracts and religious books. A portion of this sum he placed at the disposal of the B. G. T. Society for the purpose, and wrote to Mr. O. on the subject, and proposing to so appropriate the balance, if it could be well employed for the good of the cause in that country. This explanation will render Mr. O.'s letter more intelligible.

You will have perceived by my notice in the last Watchman, that I had concluded to revoke my appointments from this day to November 27th. But by persuasion of brethren, I have resolved to pursue my original plan, and have written to the churches accordingly. "I will

ces of Christ, the constitution of a Christian church, its relation to the world and the state, I am altogether destitute of. The publication of such tracts, and a condensed body of Divinity also, in the form of tracts, would be highly desirable. It is a lamentable fact, that while the followers of Luther in this country, adhere with the greatest tenacity to the errors and peculiarities of that great man, they reject altogether these glorious truths by which he made the very foundation of popery to shake and tremble:—The doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and the justification of the sinner through the imputed righteousness of Christ. This has induced me to republish Luther's admirable introduction to the Epistle to the Romans, with the whole Epistle appended to it, by which I trust through the Divine blessing, much good will be effected.

You are no doubt aware that there is a vast number of persons in this country, who think much more highly of the Gospels than of the Epistles,—because, say they, the former are the words of Christ, whereas the latter are only the words of the apostles. The Epistles to the Romans with Luther's Introduction, if widely circulated, may do something in correcting so gross an error.

In reference to my work, I rejoice to say, that though surrounded on every hand by contending elements against our views of divine truth, the infant cause entrusted to me in this place has been gaining ground—for within the last month, three hopeful converts have been added to our number. I need not tell you who are so well acquainted with views and practices of the established religion of this country, how bitterly the pastors are opposed to my proceedings, and especially those belonging to the evangelical party; but believing that the Lord Jesus and truth are on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me; the truth of God must ultimately triumph.

There are in various parts of Prussia, Hessia and the Rhine, and other places, already a number of serious individuals who are investigating the subject of Baptism; some of them are, indeed, already convinced that adult baptism by immersion is scriptural, and who only need sufficient love to Christ, and courage to own their Lord and master. The little tract, Scripture Manual, has done much good. A professor at Heidelberg has lately published a work against Infant baptism, in which some powerful arguments are advanced against that error.

But my paper bids me come to a close. If you can do anything for the good cause in this benighted country, it will be highly prized and faithfully applied. I rejoice that there is some probability, through the kind assistance of American brethren, that a translation of the Memoirs of Mrs. Judson, in German, may be published; and I hear with joy, that collections are now making in America for this laudable purpose.

of a Christian
and the state,
The publication
body of Divini-
would be highly
fact, that while
country, adhere
errors and pe-
they reject alto-
which he made
to shake and
e and sovereign
the sinner through
rist. This has
s admirable in-
Romans, with
it, by which I
ing, much good

there is a vast
try, who think
els of the
the former are
the latter are only
Epistles to the
ction, if widely
in correcting so

rejoice to say,
ry hand by con-
views of divine
l to me in this
—for within
converts have
not tell you
with views and
ion of this
ers are opposed
ly those belong-
ut believing that
my side, will
me; the truth

Prussia, Hess's
already a num-
are investigating
them are, in-
adult baptism by
who only need
ourage to own
title tract, Scrip-
ood. A profes-
established a work
ich some pow-
against that er-

to close. If
od cause in this
ighly prized and
at there is some
assistance of
translation of the
erman, may be
that collections
or this laudable

et me intreat of
set of our gra-
s souls among

May the Lord
f our souls daily
may be Christ,

affectionate re-

on, dear brother,

ate brother in

G. ONCKEN.

piest.

WEST.

have the good-
next paper,
bers of \$5 each
ned for the dis-

Baptist Gen-
Valleys, that

the terms of sub-
nt of the first

The payments
gh our accredi-
desirable that the

plan should be

of one thousand

nd at least are

everly bordering

following are

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

trust in the Lord, and not be afraid." Pray for me, my dear brother, that my faith fail not. When you write to br. Oncken, present my love to him, and say, "I will answer his letter on my return home, God willing."

With much esteem, and best wishes for your dear family, and love to all the brethren,

I am yours, truly, C. F. FREY.

For the Christian Secretary.

The following lines were extracted from a letter written to the Pastor of a church in Connecticut:

Dear Sir—Having been privileged with several opportunities of hearing you declare to the world your sincere belief in the divine reality of that holy religion which breathes peace to the soul, and elevates the affections from earth to heaven, I have felt on those interesting occasions, as you have been laboring to show the infinite importance of being born of the Spirit, that we may have part in the first resurrection, as if the Lord was about us, even as the mountains are round about Jerusalem. It appears from the nature of those sermons I have been entertained with, to be the theme of your joy and rejoicing, to illustrate the goodness and condescension of the Lord, and also seriously to impress the minds of your hearers with the importance of living holy lives, that in the great and trying day, they may meet the approbation of a holy God.

Dear friend, while I have been reflecting upon the interests embraced in those sermons, and endeavoring to mingle my prayers with yours, that the kingdom of our Lord and Savour may extend throughout the whole world, I have been extremely fearful your are mistaken, at least in one point, and that is, respecting the temperance reformation.

I am informed by your best friends, that you are perfectly inactive upon this important subject, which is certainly one great principle to that holiness, without which, no man can see the Lord. We know that all who have named the name of Jesus, should depart from iniquity, and they who profess godliness, should be careful to maintain good works for necessary uses," and they who minister in holy things, should live of the things of the temple. I am not about to accuse you of intemperance in any respect, for I am satisfied that you do wholly abstain from that soul-destroying poison—alcohol. By this alone will you claim to be the friend of temperance!

The word of truth explicitly affirms that "no man can serve two masters," "ye cannot serve God and mammon."

A minister of the everlasting gospel might as well undertake to serve the only living and true God, and at the same time to serve the god of riches, the prince of the power of darkness, as to profess to be a friend of temperance, and withhold his name from the pledge. There is no person without influence, and what man is there whose influence is so great in society in general, and especially in the church, as the Pastor?

I do think, that upon serious reflection, you will see you are mistaken upon one important subject; as you now stand, your influence is wholly cast in opposition to Temperance. The living know that they shall die. Now reflect for a moment; suppose you had taken your exertions gently wafting its way to the realms of glory, and the first salutation you should meet should come from St. Paul, and while he would welcome you to all the joys and enjoyments of the celestial world, he should inquire of you the state of temperance in the terrestrial world, would your reply be, that notwithstanding you was a ministering servant of the Most High God—had watched for souls as those who have to give account—had been the pastor of a christian church for many years, still you had no interest in the temperance enterprise.

May God bless you, and the church of which you have charge—and may you all be active and diligent to promote the cause of temperance.

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

Letter from E. C. Delavan, Esq., to the Editor.

ALBANY, Oct. 5th, 1835.

Mr. Editor,

Will you please give the enclosed notice a place in your paper. Our opposers have, by misrepresentation, endeavored to arouse public prejudice against us, and embarrass our operations by circulating a report, that our committee were opposed to the use of wine at the Lord's Supper. Not one of the committees ever entertained such an idea. The question has come up, as to the kind of wine proper for that solemn occasion;

whether the fermented or unfermented, and as impartial journalists, we have felt it our duty to give the views of learned men on both sides of the question, supposing that in this intelligent community, no one could reasonably object to the discussion. For myself, I have felt no other interest in the discussion, than what has arisen from a desire for the truth—BIRK TAWN.

I have had no other object or desire, than to see the human family abandon the use as a beverage, of all those drinks, the moderate use of which, has led to all the intemperance in the world. But such as I love the cause of Temperance, I would not see a single truth in God's holy word wrested from its legitimate meaning, to save the whole fabric of Temperance from annihilation.

Most respectfully yours,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

We are truly rejoiced at the announcement of the above sentiments by the respected Secretary of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, and sincerely hope it may effect a quietus in minds which have been alarmed by the discussions upon the "wine question." Let the BIBLE hold supreme authority, and there is no fear for the cause of Temperance.—Ed. Sec.

From the American Temperance Intelligencer.

WINE AT THE COMMUNION.

The Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Temperance Society being aware that a report has been industriously circulated that it was their design to endeavor to dispense with the use of wine at the Lord's Supper, deem it to be their duty to disclaim utterly any such intention. They believe that the "fruit of the vine" is one of the essential elements of that sacred ordinance.

The Committee well knew that the wine ordinarily used at the Lord's Supper in this country, was more the product of grain than of the vine—and their correspondents being aware of the same fact, have made use of the columns of the Intelligencer to inquire

whether the unfermented juice of the grape should not be used, or if fermented, whether it should not be diluted with water. The Committee have never, for a moment, entertained a wish or thought that the "fruit of the vine" as used by our Lord, should be withdrawn from the sacramental table. In what form the fruit of the vine was used, the Committee will not attempt to decide. In all their editorial articles on the subject, they have disclaimed having any thing to do with the discussion of this question, more properly to ecclesiastical bodies. The ground the Committee maintain, and which at two full meetings of the State Society, they were directed to maintain, in regard to wine and all other intoxicating drinks, is, that their use, except for sacramental and medicinal purposes, is wrong to those who drink—wrong to society, and especially wrong to the 500,000 drunkards in our land, who can never be reformed until the total abandonment of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, takes place.

By order of the Executive Committee,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN, Ch.

All the public Journals in the State are respectfully requested to give this notice one insertion.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, OCTOBER 10, 1835.

ON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS.—It is needless to dwell for one moment upon the importance of missionary labors, as a considerable portion of the churches seem already to be in a good degree awake, and awakening, to feel the importance of doing more in this department of christian duty.

There is need of greater feeling upon the subject, it is no so much our object in these remarks to attempt to produce it, as to offer a few thoughts in reference to the direction which ought to be given to exertions already made, or which are to be made in future.

Before making any announcement of our opinion, it may be proper to say, that we embrace most cordially the missionary enterprise in whatever quarter of the globe it may be prosecuted, (for the dissemination of a pure gospel,) and by whatever evangelical Christians conducted; and it is our earnest desire that the suggestions we are about to make, may by no means prove detrimental to the general cause, or injurious to the feelings of any individual or board.

Upon observing carefully the various operations of the day, and the fields already occupied, and the labors bestowed upon each, compared with the extent of its claims, we have for several months past formed a deliberate opinion, and now safely lay it before the public for candid consideration.

The opinion referred to is this:—that foreign missionary operations are made (or allowed) to occupy the minds of the churches and individuals, to an extent far too great, when compared with claims presented upon our own continent. In this opinion we know that we are far from being alone, and have often been urged to advance it. A sort of dread to bare one's breast to the odium which might ensue, has hitherto restrained us; but a deep sense of duty forbids longer silence upon a subject of such moment to the souls of men in every land.

It is assumed as a fact, that the conversion of souls and edification of the church, is of equal importance in every clime. If any doubt it, let him show the difference.

If the above position be a truth, the next thing is to show on what other facts the opinion rests, that a disproportionate zeal, acclaim, and appropriations, are awarded to foreign missions. And first, we appeal to the comparative inattention to Indian missions, and the sums expended upon them. This remark is made with full knowledge of, and hating the pecuniary assistance afforded by the Government.

This inattention is not that of the Board, for they give information monthly of what is doing, at least to some extent. But how seldom do we see the journal of a missionary to the Aborigines, and the story of every visitant, whether opposed or inquisitor? How seldom do we hear the language of exultation in the monthly concert, at the conversion of an Indian? And how many scores of prayers are offered, wherein the "son of the forest" is entirely forgotten, and the laborious, suffering missionary is equally unnoticed? And yet, Indians are converted to God, and churches are formed among them. Information from the Indian stations sometimes finds its way into a part of the religious papers, expressive of pressing want of means,—or of partial success; which information can hardly command notice, or a repetition, and passes silently away, and is forgotten. When facts of no more interest, coming from the East, are made the theme of remark, of prayer, and the occasion of renewed donations. Why this difference?

Second. We appeal to the disproportionate amount contributed in almost every place, when compared with what is contributed for Home and Domestic Missions. Figures will tell the story in this case, and that to conviction. He who has the means of footing the receipts and expenditures of different conventions and missionary societies, cannot fail to be struck with the disproportion between the sum designated for Burmah, and those for all other missions.

He who is called to act as member of a missionary board for Home, or other Domestic missions, will be constantly cognizant of the fact, that the eyes of donors and their feelings, are almost entirely turned to Burmah, or Siam. If he asks his treasurer how much money is collected and subject to the appropriation for Home, or for its state mission, he will be told that the hundreds of dollars on hand are designated for Foreign Missions, and only the tens for Domestic.

If an effort be made to raise funds for the sinking churches in our midst, a few cents can be had; but an address on the subject of Burmah will bring out the dollars.

It is for him who can, to show by what means the minds and feelings of Christians became thus drawn so disproportionately to one of two good objects, which are in themselves of equal importance to souls.

The state of our own country imperiously demands far greater donations and missionary aid, than are now bestowed or can be obtained, so long as some leading religious papers give only a passing notice to any thing but foreign enterprises; and nothing but those are presented for consideration, and as subjects of prayer at the concert; and no men are named as worthy of a prayer, or as having engaged in labor worthy of notice, who is not bound for the far East.

Such is not altogether the case; but it approximates so near to this representation, that it may, we believe, be called generally true.

The churches are earnestly entreated to open their eyes to a sober inquiry, why they should not give as many dollars for America, as they give for Asia and Africa. Let each individual inquire, why that all important agency, the Home Mission Society, should be cramped, and remain destitute of means to do good, while another and Foreign agency is simply provided for, to extend and sustain its operations to almost any desirable magnitude?

Why should the Home M. Society be wrung with anguish by the cries and bitter means from the wilderness, and dare not send a missionary because they have no means to sustain him; and at the same moment the F. M. Board be able and resolved, to send out every suitable person that offers, and they can find? Is it not because one Board sees the churches generally indifferent to its objects, while the other perceives, that for some reason the public mind, and prayers, and benefactions, can easily be turned to their object? Our desire is not that Burmah, Siam, and Africa should have less, but that every person should give cent for cent, and dollar for dollar, to each, Home and Foreign Missions—that the collections at the different concerts of prayer should be equally divided between these objects; and that both should be made equally prominent in remarks and prays.

We are often told that to pray to God for the mission societies and give nothing, is to mock him; and the remark is true. How much better is it in prayer meeting, to plead for both Foreign and Home Missions, and then give the contributions exclusively to one? We tender ourselves as a "scape goat," (if one be needed) to bear the sin of saying, that the Home Mission, and the State Convention Missions, should be far more abundantly supplied with the means of sending the gospel to the destitute, and giving faithful, suffering pioneer ministers of the wilderness, more than \$100 a year for their toils.

We tender our columns to any brother who desires to discuss this subject candidly and thoroughly.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BIBLE. The Editor of the N. Y. Baptist Register has inserted our remarks of two weeks since, with this title, preceded by remarks of his own, expressive of surprise, that our mind should be agitated "by the arrogant pretensions of a few linguists." Now we assure our good brother that through the goodness of God, we have no less confidence in the English Bible than ever. And if any person should have his faith unsettled by the article in the Secretaries, we too, should be "afflicted in spirit." The oft-repeated, ill-judged, and defamatory remarks about mere English Scholars as ministers, imply (as we think) all we have said of them; and it is known that the spirits of some good and successful ministers have been almost broken down, by the defamation heaped upon both them and their English Bibles, by zealots for ultra education. It was to hold up a mirror, in which such men, of every name and denomination, might see the legitimate effects of their improper assertions, that the article was written.

It was not the offspring of fear, but was designed rather as a corrective of a bad habit into which too many have fallen, when endeavoring to promote an object in itself good, by improper declamation and aspiration. The Editor of the Register will, we trust, assure his readers, that we still bind the old "Family Bible" to our heart as the word of God, and cling to it as a light shining in a dark place, notwithstanding our former communication, for which we think there was ample occasion.

*They stifle these feelings instead of pouring them into the ears of those from whom the trouble emanates, and the men who have adjudged them, ignorantly suppose that no pain is felt.

DISORDERS IN THE STREET—YOUNG MEN.—Under this head, a writer in the (Salem) Landmark complains loudly of the outrageous conduct, and obscene language of young men, "or rather grown boys," who infest the most public streets from sunset till 10 P. M. especially on Sabbath evening. He represents them as abusive in conduct to passers by, and as profane and obscene in language, that decent people can move but a few steps at a time without being put to the blush; and that repeated rebukes from the press, have no power to abate the nuisance. It is suggested to the police to apply the remedy. Such (to our knowledge) was not the conduct of Salem "grown boys" 30 years ago; and what can have produced the change from gentle, polite, and orderly conduct and language, to barbarity, vulgarity, profanity, and the want of moral and religious instruction? or is it the quality of the instruction they have received under the name of morals and religion, or is it something else, say the vicious example of some of their seniors in years?

Second. We appeal to the disproportionate amount contributed in almost every place, when compared with what is contributed for Home and Domestic Missions. Figures will tell the story in this case, and that to conviction. He who has the means of footing the receipts and expenditures of different conventions and missionary societies, cannot fail to be struck with the disproportion between the sum designated for Burmah, and those for all other missions.

We opine, that the rudiments of this evil may be found, in things nearly related to Amos Giles's distillery; the language and conduct of Ham, in his assault upon Mr. Cheever; and the remuneration awarded him for his valiant conduct, by elevating him to a principal office in the police of that "ancient town." And yet it is from such a police officer for one, that the complainant seems to hope for redress.

It is feared that he may have to wait long, before he enjoys more pleasant and safe promenades.

The New England Spectator says, that the Monthly Concert at Park street, (Boston) was very thin attended last Monday evening; not more than 100 being present at the opening of the meeting. Is it possible? Perhaps more would attend if they knew that praying was the main object, instead of hearing reports and dissertations—try it.

Thursday, the 3d day of Dec. next, is appointed by his Honor, S. T. Armstrong, as a day of Thanksgiving in Massachusetts. The Proclamation issued by him announcing the day, is, in our opinion, worthy of the days now gone by; in which Governor's shunned not to inculcate, with christian seriousness, the observance of the Sabbath, and deep reverence for its appropriate religious services.

It is for him who can, to show by what means the minds and feelings of Christians became thus drawn so disproportionately to one of two good objects, which are in themselves of equal importance to souls.

HANCOCK BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—This Association was formed by a division of the Eastern Maine Association, which had become too extensive for convenience.

It was formed, and held its first anniversary at Trenton, Sept. 2d and 3d, 1835. Sermon by E. Mirick, of Brooksville, from John v. 30. James Gilpatrick, Moderator; Ebenezer Mirick, Clerk, and Cor. Sec. Churches, 22; ordained ministers, 11; licentiates, 4; baptized 25. The Circular Letter is upon the religious education of children. A vote was passed to pay the delegates to the Convention, and other Associations a mileage out, of 5 cents per mile.

Resolved we passed embracing many important objects of benevolent and moral enterprise; and none more decided than those on the subject of U. S. Slavery.

The English Delegates, Cok and Hoby, together with Mr. J. O. Chouls and family, of New Bedford, sailed from N. Y. for England, in the last packet—May they be carried in safety across the ocean.

POETRY.

From the New York Observer.

FUNERAL AT SEA.

"Yesterday we were informed that a child had died in the ship. To-day I read the English burial service, and committed the body to the mighty deep, until the day when the grave and the sea shall give up their dead. The mother lay in tears in her berth—the father could scarce repress his anguish—and I felt the agony of their grief, as I pronounced the solemn words which accompanied the body into the pathless deep."—*Journal of the late Rev. Henry B. McLeLlen.*

The deep sea took the dead. It was a babe, Like sculptur'd marble, pure and beautiful, That, lonely, to its yawning gulph went down.—Poor cradled nursing, no fond arm was there To wrap thee in its fold; no lullaby Came from the green-sea monster, as he laid His shapeless head thy polish'd brow beside, One moment wondering at the beauteous spoil On which he fed. Old ocean heeded not This added unit to his myriad dead. But in the bosom of the tossing ship Rose up a burst of anguish wild and loud, From the vex'd fountain of a mother's love.—The lost! The lost!—oft' shall her started dream Catch the dear echo of the sullen plunge That whelm'd the unclif'd body—oft' her eye Strain wide through midnight's long, unslumbering watch,

Remembering how his soft, sweet breathing seemed Like measured music in a silver cup, And how his tiny shant of rapture swell'd, When closer to her bosom's core she drew His eager lip.

Who thus with folded arms And head doth seem to count the waves, And yet to heed them not? The sorrowing sire Doth mark the last, faint ripple, where his child Sank down into the water. Busy thought Turns to his fair home, and those little ones, Whom sporting 'mid their favorite lawn he left, And troubled fancy shows the weeping there When he shall seat them once more on his knee, And tell them how the baby that they loved Hid its pale cheek within its mother's breast, And pied away and died—yet found no grave Beneath the church-yard turf, where they might plant The lowly mound with flowers.

What lifts the heart Up from its bitter sadness? Hark—his voice That o'er the thundering wave doth pour sublime Such words, as arch the darkest storm of life With faith's perennial bower.

Thou, who dost speak Of His eternal majesty, who bids Both earth and sea to render up their dead, Know'st thou how soon thy tomb shall drink the tears Of mourning kindred? Thou, who thus dost stand Serene in youthful beauty, to yield back What God hath claimed,—know'st thou how full the tide Of sympathy, that now thy bosom thrills For strangers,—in thine own paternal halls Shall flow for thee.

And if thou couldst, the flush Would not have faded on thy glowing cheek, For thou hadst made the countenance of death ' Familiar as a friend, thro' him who pluck'd The terror from his frown, and from his sting The venom. At thine early tomb we bend, Taking that deep monitor to our souls, Which through embowering verdure seems to sigh On every breeze—how frail is earth's best hope, And how immortal that, which roots in heaven.

Hartford, Conn. Aug. 1835. L. H. S.

From the N. Y. Observer.

A SABBATH IN BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS, July, 1835.

The Sabbath is no better kept here, I am afraid, than in Paris itself; the great body of the people in Belgium being bigoted Catholics—more so, than in France. If there is less downright infidelity here, it does not follow that the Belgians have more of the fear of God before their eyes, or of his law in their hearts, than their more volatile and skeptical neighbors. Indeed, the more I see of Romanism, in its idiotic rites and ceremonies—in its despotism over the reason as well as the consciences of its votaries, and of its practical influence where it prevails, the more fully convinced I am, that it opposes more formidable obstacles to the spread of the gospel, than any of the more ordinary forms of infidelity, or even of paganism itself. Woe, woe! to be the Protestants of the United States, if through their remissness, in not occupying the ground, they permit this abomination of desolation to entrench itself in the richest and most central portions of our great country.

When I came down to breakfast, there was nothing to remind me, that the Lord's day was any more sacred than any other day. The servants were busily engaged about the coaches in the yard, and the long square in front of the hotel, was occupied by carriages of various descriptions, subject to the calls of business, or pleasure. Most of the shops, so far as I could observe, were open. Laborers were going to their respective employments. The scavengers were early in the streets, with their shovels and carts. The markets, as I went toward one of the churches, were thronged, and I observed one extensive branch of traffic, which I had not noticed before. A crowd of people were assembled on the great square, before the *Hotel de Ville*, or Town Hall, and I turned aside for a moment to see what it meant. Near one end of the building, there were several little stands for selling roses and other flowers, to be used, perhaps, in decorating the altars and images, as two weeks before I had seen them adorned in Paris.

A little further on, I came to an extensive aviary, where birds of various notes and plumage, were sweetly singing in their little cages, thus rebuking the thoughtless buyers and sellers, who had no songs to offer to the great Lord of the Sabbath. Still further on, near the grand

entrance to the Hall, a company of soldiers were drawn up, rank and file, with their knapsacks on their backs, ready to march, as they soon did, to some other part of the city. In front of all these, and occupying the middle of the square, were a confused multitude of men and boys, leading about dogs and goats, large and small, young and old, expatiating upon their merits, examining their good and bad points, and I presume, (though I did not stop long enough to ascertain,) buying and selling, as "they could light of chaps." In short, the whole court exhibited the appearance of a great and bustling *Sunday Exchange*, for the lower orders of the people.

There are two protestant chapels in Brussels, one of which I have attended. They were fitted up, I believe, before the late revolution, when, it is said, that two thousand English people resided here. Many families still remain, and a great many are coming and going every year. The chapel to which I went is a tolerably commodious place of worship, in pleasant part of the city, and will accommodate from four to five hundred persons. Half that number, perhaps, were present, and mostly females. The chaplain is an easy, good-conditioned looking man, and reads the service tolerably well. There was, however, I am sorry to say, a great want of solemnity in his manner, presenting a most striking contrast to the uncommon devotion and fervency of the clergyman, whose morning service I attended the Sabbath preceding, in one of the English chapels of Paris. The subject of discourse on this occasion, was that theme of all themes, the *love of Christ*. What the preacher said was true—all very true—and quite distinctly uttered; but it did not seem much to interest his hearers. It wanted *unction* amazingly. It was the cold respiration of one's last moments, rather than the warm breath of health. O, if his lips had been touched from the altar which Isaiah saw in vision—if he had entered into the spirit of the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and poured out the fullness of his soul, how different would have been the effect upon his audience.

The way in returning to my lodgings, led me directly through the Park. I heard music at a considerable distance, sometime before I could tell exactly where, or what it was. As I advanced, however, I perceived that it proceeded from a deeply shaded part of these pleasure grounds, and that a multitude of people were there, who proved to be a military band of first-rate performers, with drums and trumpets, and a great variety of smaller instruments, which were every moment bringing new accessions to the crowd. On any other occasion I should myself paused and listened with great pleasure. But O, to have God's holy day thus desecrated, in the most public and inviting promenade of a large city, and to see so many hundreds of the more respectable and influential classes of citizens abusing themselves in this manner, how distressing! Will the people of these popish countries ever learn to keep the Lord's Sabbath, and reverence his sanctuary. Till they find out that there is such a thing as the fourth commandment in the Bible, how can it be expected that they will ever be brought under the influence of pure Christianity? O Lord, how long!

THE WEARY FINDING REST.

The following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the twelfth anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union:

In the county of Kent, lives, or lived, a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath School connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request, from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two bibles of large print, which he had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and oh! sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the bible,) and James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, (opening the bible) so here goes."

He opened the bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the bible, that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday School. I never could for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange."

But who is this me, that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, exhibited to him the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had fur-

ther conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness.

Sometime after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged with the enemy, at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the bible in his hand; there was not less than fifty passages stained with the blood of poor James.

How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for Sabbath School teachers to persevere; for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in Heaven.

In the time of the Revolutionary War we suppose it would have been deemed scarcely less than treason to have published such an article as the above.

It would then have seemed scarcely possible to christians in America that such examples of piety could exist in the British army.

A pious man slain by the "enemy" and that enemy the American army!

What a contrast between the spirit of war and the spirit of the gospel!

Let christians at this time at the South and North remember this.

OLD HUMPHREY
ON EXCELLENT IDEAS.

I was sitting at a table by myself, in the corner of a public coffee-room, pondering on the pages of a book which an old friend had just lent me, now and then taking a sip of coffee, and occasionally casting a glance at the flickering gas-light which flared within a few feet of the table.

There were several well-dressed young men at the opposite end of the room, engaged in conversation; but so deeply occupied was I with my book and my own speculations, that most likely not a word of all they said would have distinctly reached me, had it not been for an exclamation in which one of them frequently indulged. Scarcely five minutes elapsed without his crying out, "That's an excellent idea!"

After hearing this several times, I directed my eyes towards the speaker, who was gaily dressed, with a gold chain across his bosom, and a showy ring on the little finger of each hand. "That's an excellent idea!" said he again, just at the moment that I lifted up my head; and I then felt a little solicitude to catch him without his crying out, "That's an excellent idea!"

The conversation was on the subject of cigars; and one of the party thought it would be no bad thing to take one to the church within the next time he went.

"That's an excellent idea!" exclaimed the one in the gold chain.

The excellency of this idea did not at all strike me; on the contrary, it seemed to me to be thoughtless, silly, and profane. I, however, still kept my ears open.

"Toun," said one of them soon after, "what do you think? in passing by the blind Scotchman, at the Regents' park, I dropped a pebble-stone into his hat: 'Thank you,' said the old fellow, who thought he had got a capital catch."

"An excellent idea!" again cried out the one with gold chains.

The excellency of this idea was quite as indistinct to me as the former one. I thought both the idea and the act were mean, wanton, and cruel; but the conversation changed.

"How did you manage, Ned, with your watch?" asked one.

"Oh," replied he who was addressed, "I persuaded the watchmaker that it had a gold key to it when I left it with him, a keepsake that I would not have parted with for double its value; and so he was glad enough to get off without charging me anything for the new spring."

"An excellent idea!" once more exclaimed the ornamented admirer of this fraudulent ingenuity.

Now, excellent as this was pronounced to be, it was nothing less than impudence, deceit, and dishonesty.

"Well," thinks I, "if Old Humphrey has not had quite enough 'excellent ideas' for one day, it's a pity;" so, drinking up the last drop that was left at the bottom of my coffee-cup, I closed my book, and walked away, musing on the weakness, the folly, the heartlessness, and the immorality, of the world.

When a man picks up stones in good earnest, to throw at his neighbor's windows, he may very soon break a great many panes; and, in like manner, when he sets about finding fault with those around him, he is never long at a loss for something to find fault with. I soon made out a long catalogue, not of "ideas" only, but of plans and undertakings, which, though considered "excellent" by thousands of people, are weak, worthless, and wicked. It was truly astonishing how clearly I saw the errors of others, how sagely I reflected on the matter, and how eloquently I reproved the follies and frailties of mankind.

At last it occurred to me that it might not be amiss, after going abroad so much, to come a little nearer home; for perhaps I might find, in my own head and heart, some "excellent ideas" and admirable undertakings not a whit more valuable than those of my neighbors.

What an ignorant, vain, presumptuous, and inconsistent being is man! How much he knows of others—how little of himself! How quick is he to condemn the faults of his fellow-sinners, and how slow to amend his own!

I had worked myself up to a pitch of virtuous indignation: I had arraigned others of manifold misdemeanors, and performed the offices of

judge and jury to my own satisfaction, disposing of every case as I thought proper. You may be sure that I felt a little high-minded; but when I brought up old Humphrey himself to the bar, I was soon humbled, even to the dust.

"It's bad enough," said I, "when the young act a foolish part, thinking that 'excellent' which is unworthy, and pursuing folly instead of wisdom; but what excuse has he whose hair is grey, who has had the experience of a lengthened life to assist him, and who has long taken upon him to instruct others in the way they should go? What excuse has such an one as Old Humphrey to offer, when the light, hollow, frosty things of time are estimated by him as 'very excellent,' and pursued with more ardor than the things of eternity?"

Of all ploughing and harrowing, of our own hearts is the hardest work, and, I think I may add, the most productive of good. I felt determined to give myself no quarter. I had been fierce as a lion in my attack, but was tame as a lamb when obliged to defend myself; and after half an hour's rigid examination of my own heart, you might have trodden on the toes of Old Humphrey without his reproaching you, so much was he humbled in his own estimation.

It may be that you, also, have been pluming yourself on some "excellent ideas," which will no more bear the test of Christian consideration than some of mine. If it be so, try, at least, to avoid bitterness, and to manifest a forbearing spirit towards an offending brother.—If we have both erred, let us both try to amend together; for however "excellent" our "ideas" may be, one practical illustration of the Christian principle of forbearance and charity will be worth them all.

From the Christian Guardian.

HIS OWN RIGHT ARM BROUGHT SALVATION.

I wish I could tell the following little story with the simple pathos with which I heard it from a worthy Irishman in my last circuit, who had come, if I mistake not, from near the place to which his tale referred. I will, however, give it as correctly as I can remember.

A pious young clergyman, in the north of Ireland, well known for his zeal and benevolence, had frequently noticed a little fellow, who, judging from the extreme meanness of his apparel, was the son of one of the poorer peasants of that unfortunate country. The boy had attracted his attention by the regularity with which he attended Church, always standing at one corner of the extreme end of the aisle, near the door, and the strict attention and deep interest with which he seemed to hear the vital truths uttered by his minister; so much so, that the clergyman began to suspect that, poor, youthful, and neglected as he was, this young immortal had found a Friend where, alas! princes are seldom known, a Teacher before whom bishops, nay, cherubim, must veil their faces. As was natural, he became wishful to talk with his little protege; in consequence of which, he several times at the close of the service hastened to where the boy stood, but he had invariably slipped away before he could reach him.—At length he missed him altogether from his accustomed standing place. I ought to observe, however, that if my memory serves correctly, a short time previous to this, the child had heard, and evidently with more than ordinary interest, the clergyman preach, I think, from this exquisitely beautiful text, "And he saw there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his arm brought salvation upon him, and his righteousness it sustained him."

Within a short time from the absence of the boy, a man, evidently in the lowest walks of life, came to the clergyman's study door, requesting him to be kind enough to go and see his little boy, who was very ill, and could not be content without seeing the minister." He immediately prepared to go with the man, tho' his residence was some miles distant, especially as, though he had never seen the man before, it struck him perhaps it was his little hearer! and so it was; as he entered the door of the wretched cabin, he saw him laid on some straw in one corner, and at that moment the little fellow raising his arm to heaven, cried, "His own arm brought salvation," and his spirit fled, with this cry of victory on its lips, to the throne of his beloved Redeemer! "For of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Who shall deny then that the Holy Spirit of our God is still the immediate instructor of the ignorant, and guide of the destitute? Not, Believe me, Sir, yours truly,

N. D. D. R.

Sept. 9th, 1835.

A PERSEVERING BOY.

"A Sabbath School Temperance Society was formed not many months since in Richmond, Virginia, and most of the children with the consent of their parents, united. One little boy, whose mother keeps a grocery and sells liquor, requested the Superintendent to enter him with the others as a member. Knowing the situation of the family, and that the lad was often called to serve customers with spirit, the Superintendent refused, unless the boy's mother would consent to dispense with that part of his services. For some time she declined giving it, but as her son persevered in his request, she at length complied, and now the little boy says, he 'does not drink, and he does not drat.'"

GOD PROTECTS HIS CHILDREN.

The following occurrence was lately communicated to us, by a valuable correspondent who is a most pious and aged minister of our church, and who writes in the German language. We translate it as literally as possible.

During the late French war, the French and Prussian troops met in Lubec, and, as may be imagined, evinced their hostility to each other by firing upon each other in the streets. The inhabitants could not anticipate any thing but plunder and murder. Among others, a very

p